

# Mountain Sentinel.

"WE GO WHERE DEMOCRATIC PRINCIPLES POINT THE WAY.—WHEN THEY CEASE TO LEAD, WE CEASE TO FOLLOW."

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## TERMS.

The "MOUNTAIN SENTINEL" is published every Thursday morning, at One Dollar and Fifty Cents per annum, if paid in advance or within three months; after three months Two Dollars will be charged.

No subscription will be taken for a shorter period than six months; and no paper will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid. A failure to notify a discontinuance at the expiration of the term subscribed for, will be considered as a new engagement.

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All letters and communications to insure attention must be post paid. A. J. RHEY.

## PARODY.

[Most readers will remember a poem entitled "The Modern Belle," published several weeks since, and which was much admired for its truthful home truths. The following Parody is equally as good.]

The son, he sits in the bar-room,  
In a place most convenient to stare,  
His face is in very fine broad-cloth,  
And his hair is covered with hair—  
He smokes and spits and drinks,  
And drinks and smokes and spits,  
The saliva he ejects from his mouth  
Is much more plenty than wits.

His mother goes clad in her cotton,  
And faded and ragged at that—  
She's minus of shawl and bonnet,  
But her son wears an elegant hat,  
She's toiling and earning "The Shillings,"  
So wretchedly night and day,  
While he, at the theatre and tavern,  
Is throwing them all away.

He never gets up in the morning—  
If his mother calls him at noon,  
He comes down cursing and swearing,  
Because she called him so soon;  
His eyes are sunken and red,  
His cheeks are hollow and thin,  
Caused by last night's debaucheries,  
And indulging too freely in gin.

He sits down to his breakfast,  
And then finds fault with the hash;  
His mother says, "The grease it needs  
You used to oil your moustache."  
At this he flies in a passion,  
And hastily leaves the room,  
To the tavern he bends his footsteps,  
And with wine dispels his gloom.

From his vest there dangles a seal  
That is set with a brilliant red stone,  
But the sparkling toy is only wax,  
Tho' this he never will own;  
On his feet are patent gaiters,  
On his mother's there are none,  
For all her honest earnings  
Wadek the back of her son.

At length he marries a lady  
Who's as rich as he thinks she's fair,  
But finds her in truth as poor as himself  
And then gives up to despair;  
Two chests make an even bargain,  
But the sparkling toy is only wax,  
She thought she had got a rich husband;  
He thought he had got a rich wife.

## Scene in the Legislature of Ohio.

The Buckeye boys in the Legislature, jealous of the great fame recently acquired in Congress, kicked up a little rough amusement for themselves the other day.

Mr. Beckel made a statement, which Mr. Weller proved to be false.

Weller repeated the charge in a most offensive form, when Beckel, with much emphasis, told Weller he was a liar! The seats of the combatants are about twenty or thirty feet distant from each other. Upon this decided opinion of Beckel being delivered, Weller seized a sand-box from his desk, and hurled it with all his power at Beckel. It took effect upon his desk, and was smashed to atoms. Beckel thereupon seized his sand-box and threw it at Weller, but did not hit him.

Here the members, Sergeant-at-arms, and officers of the House interfered, and the fight stopped. The O. S. Journal says:

When the Speaker finally restored order out of chaos, Weller apologized for his conduct.—Beckel also apologized to the House for the part he had been made to play in the farce, and for the time being the affair was dropped.

The man that "batted the bull off the bridge," recently lost his shirt collar while on a voyage of discovery in search of his brains.

SIR JOHN FRANKLIN.—It is rumored that "The northern gales

Which sweep round the Hebrides"  
Had carried away the jury-mast of the vessel in which Sir John Franklin sailed—and that from necessity, he was compelled to cut down the north pole and rig that up in its place. We doubt not it answers the purpose very well; but it will be a puzzle school-boys to learn where that pole is.

In the days when Connecticut was largely engaged in breeding mules for the Southern market, one morning Tracy, who was as shrewd a Yankee as ever whittled a shingle or sold a clock, stood with a South Carolina on the steps of the Capitol, when a drover of mules passed by on their Southern Journey. "Tracy," said the Carolinian, "there goes a company of your constituents." "Yes," was the dry retort, "they are doubtless going to South Carolina to teach school."

## AN EASTERN ROMANCE.

### The Two Wives or the Fanatic Husband.

People are glad to be assured that an interesting story is true. The following history was communicated to the writer by a friend, residing in the East, who had it from the French Consul himself. It reminds one of the Arabian Nights.

In the year 1836, a Jewish family residing at Algiers were plunged in the greatest distress by the death of the father. A son, two daughters, and a mother, were by this calamity left almost destitute. After the funeral, the son, whose name was Ibrahim, sold what little property there was to realize and gave it to his mother and sisters; after which, he left Algiers and departed for Tunis, hoping that if he did not find his fortune, he would at least make a livelihood there.

He presented himself to the French Consul with his papers, and requested a license as a donkey-driver. This was granted, and Ibrahim entered the service of a man who let out asses, both for carrying water and for hire.

Ibrahim was extremely handsome and very graceful in his demeanor; but, being poor, his clothes were too ragged for him to be employed on anything but drudgery that was out of sight. He used to be sent with water-skins to the nearest ports of the town.

One day, as he was driving his ass laden with water up a narrow street, he met a cascade of women riding (as usual in that country) upon donkeys covered with sumptuous housings. He drew on one side to allow them to pass by, but a string of camels coming up at the same instant, there ensued some confusion. The veil of one of the women became slight deranged, and Ibrahim caught sight of a lovely countenance.

He contrived to ascertain who the lady was and where she lived. She was Rebecca, the only daughter of a wealthy Jew.

From this time, Ibrahim had but one thought; that of becoming rich enough to demand Rebecca in marriage. He had already saved up a few pieces of money; with these he bought himself better clothes, and he was now sometimes sent to conduct the donkeys hired out for riding.

It so chanced, that one of his first expeditions was to take Rebecca and her attendants to a mercer's shop. Either from accident or coquetry, Rebecca's veil became again deranged, and again Ibrahim beheld the heavenly face beneath it.—Ibrahim's appearance, and his look of burning passionate love, did not displease the young Jewess. He frequently attended her on her excursions, and he was often permitted to see beneath the veil.

Ibrahim deprived himself almost of the necessities of life, and at length saved enough money to purchase an ass of his own.

When he thought himself sufficiently well off in the world, he presented himself before the family of Rebecca, and demanded her in marriage; but they did not consider his prospects brilliant, and rejected his proposals with contempt. Rebecca, however, sent her old nurse to him (just as a lady in the "Arabian Nights" might have sent a similar messenger) to let him know that the family contempt was not shared by her.

Ibrahim was more determined than ever to obtain her. He went to a magician, who bade him return to Algiers, and declared that if he accepted the first offer of any kind which he should receive after entering the city, he would become rich and obtain the desire of his heart.

Ibrahim sold his asses and departed for Algiers. He walked up and down the streets till nightfall, in expectation of the mysterious offer which had been foretold—but no one came.

He had, however, been observed by a rich widow, somewhat advanced in years, a Frenchwoman, and the widow of an officer of engineers. She despatched an attendant to discover who he was and where he lived, and the next day sent for him to her house. His graceful address fascinated her even more than his good looks, and she made him overtures of marriage: offering at the same time to settle upon him a handsome portion of her wealth.

This was not precisely the mode in which Ibrahim had intended to make his fortune; but, he recollected the prediction of the magician, and accepted the proposal.

They were married, and for twelve months Ibrahim lived with his wife in great splendor and apparent happiness. At the end of that time he professed to be called to Tunis by indispensable business, which would require his presence for some time. His wife made no opposition, though she was sorry to lose him, and wished to accompany him; but that he prohibited, and departed alone; taking with him a good supply of money.

He again presented himself before the French Consul at Tunis, who was surprised at the change in his appearance. His vest of flowered silk, brocaded with gold, was girded round the waist by a Carbury sash of the richest silk; his ample trowsers of fine cloth were met by red morocco boots; a Cashmere shawl of the most radiant colors was twisted round his head; his beard, carefully trimmed, fell half-way down his breast; a jewelled dagger hung at his girdle; and an ample Bournoor worn over all, gave an additional grace to his appearance, while it served to conceal his rich attire, which far exceeded

the license of the sad-colored garments prescribed by law to the Jews.

He lost no time in repairing to the house of Rebecca. She was still unmarried, and again he made his proposals; this time it was with more success. He had all the appearance of a man of high consideration; and the riches which he half-negligently displayed, took their due effect. He had enjoyed a good character when he lived in Tunis before, and they took it for granted that he had done nothing to forfeit it. They asked no questions how his riches had been obtained, but gave him Rebecca in marriage.

At the end of six months, the French Consul received inquiries from Algiers about Ibrahim; his wife, it was said, had become alarmed at his prolonged absence.

The Consul sent for Ibrahim, and told him what he had heard. Ibrahim at first appeared disturbed, and afterwards indignant. He denied in the strongest terms that he had any other wife than Rebecca, but that the woman in question had fallen in love with him. He also denied that he had given her any sort of legal claim upon him. The French Consul was perplexed; Ibrahim's papers were all regular, he had always led an exemplary life in Tunis, he denied his marriage, and there was no proof of it.

Had Ibrahim retained the smallest presence of mind, no harm could have befallen him. In that land of polygamy, his two wives (even though one were European) would have caused little scandal. His domestic position was somewhat complicated, but by no means desperate.—On departing from the Consul's house, however, he would seem to have become possessed by a strange panic not to be explained by any rules of logic, and to have gone mad straightway.—His one idea was that he was carried on by destiny—to murder Rebecca!

This miserable wretch, possessed by the fixed idea of destroying Rebecca, made deliberate preparations for carry it into effect. And with the strange fanaticism and superstition which forms a part of many such characters in those countries, he determined to give her a chance for her life; for, he seems to have thought in some confused, wild, mad, vain way, that it might still be the will of Providence that she should live.

He concerted measures with the captain of a Greek vessel, whom he induced by heavy bribes to enter into his views. He gave it out that he was going to Algiers, to put an end to the ridiculous reports which had been raised, and to destroy the claim which had been set up by his pretended wife.

He embarked with Rebecca, without any attendants, on board the Greek vessel which was bound for Algiers. Rebecca was at once taken into the cabin, where her curiosity was excited by a strange looking black box which stood at one end of it. The black box was high and square, and large enough to contain a person sitting upright. The lid was thrown back; and she saw that the box was lined with thick cotton cloth, and contained a small brass pitcher full of water and a loaf of bread. Whilst she was examining these things, Ibrahim and the captain entered; they neither of them spoke one word; but, coming behind her, Ibrahim placed his hand over her mouth, and muffling her head in her veil, lifted her into the box with the assistance of the captain, and shut down the lid, which they securely fastened. They then carried the box between them upon deck, and lowered it over the side of the vessel.

The box had holes bored in the lid; it was very strong, and so built as to float like a boat.

The Greek vessel continued her course towards Algiers. Either the crew had really not noticed the strange proceedings of Ibrahim and the captain, or (which is more probable) they were paid to be silent. It is certain they did not attempt to interfere.

The next morning, as a French steamer, the Panama, was bearing towards Tunis, something like the hull of a small vessel was seen drifting about directly in their course. They picked it up, as it floated athwart the steamer's bow; and were horrified to hear feeble cries proceeding from the interior. Hastily breaking it open, they found the unhappy Rebecca nearly dead, with fright and exhaustion. When she was sufficiently recovered to speak, she told the captain how she had come into that strange condition, and he made all speed on to Tunis.

The French Consul immediately dispatched a swift sailing steamer to Algiers, with Rebecca and her nearest friends on board, bearing a dispatch to the governor, containing a hasty account of all these things. The steamer arrived first. When the Greek vessel entered the port, Ibrahim and the captain were ordered to follow the officer on guard, and in a few moments, Ibrahim stood face to face with his victim. To render the complication more complete, the French wife hearing that a steamer from Tunis had arrived with dispatches, went down to the governor's to make inquirer after her husband.

At first, Ibrahim faintly started; but he soon regained his insane self, and boldly confessed his crime. Addressing himself to Rebecca, he said: "I confided thee to the sea, for I thought it

might be the will of Providence to save thee! If thou hadst died, it would have been Providence that decreed thy fate, but thou art saved, and I am destroyed."

Both the wives wept bitterly. Their natural jealousy to each other was merged into the desire to save the fanatic from the consequence of his madness. Rebecca attempted to deny her former statement and used great intercession with her relatives to forego their vengeance.—The Frenchwoman made interest with the authorities too, but it was all, unhappily, in vain. The friends of Rebecca were implacable, and insisted on justice.

Ibrahim works now in the galleys at Toulon. The captain is undergoing punishment also.—The magician, it is to be feared, is practising his old trade.

This is perhaps, as strange an instance as there is on record, of a most audacious and be sotted transference of every responsibility to Providence. As though Providence had left man to work out nothing for himself! It is probable that this selfish monomania made the same pretext to his mind for basely marrying the widow whom he intended to desert. There is no kind of impiety so monstrous as this; and yet there is, perhaps, none encountered so frequently, in one phase or another, in many aspects of life.

## Incident in the Life of Washington.

\*\* As the barge gained the opposite banks one of the rowers leaped ashore, and made it fast to the root of a willow which hung its broad branches over the river. The rest of the party then landed, and uncovering, saluted their commander, who respectfully returned their courtesy. "By ten o'clock you may expect me," said Washington. "Be cautious—look well that you are not surprised. These are no times for trifling. Depend upon us," replied one of the party. "I do," he responded, and then farewell, he departed along the banks of the river.

That evening a party was to be given at the house of one of his old and valued friends, to which he, with several other American officers, had been invited. It was seldom that he participated in festivity, more especially at that period, when every moment was fraught with danger; nevertheless, in respect to an old acquaintance, backed by the solicitation of Rufus Rugsdale, he consented to relax from the toils of military duty, and honor the party for a few hours, with his presence. After continuing his path for some distance along the river's side he struck off into a narrow road, boarded thickly with brush-wood, tinged with a thousand dyes of departed summer—here and there a gray cray peeped out from the foliage, over which the green ivy and scarlet woodbine hung in wreatheful dalliance; at other places the arm of the chestnut and mountain ash met in leafy fondness and cast a gloom, deep almost as night. Suddenly a crashing among the branches was heard, and like a deer, a young Indian girl bounded into the path and stood full in his presence. He started back with surprise and laid his hand on his sword—but the Indian only fell on her knee, placed her finger on her lips, and by a sign with her hand, forbid him to proceed.—"What seek you, my pretty flower?" said the general. She started to her feet, drew a small tomahawk from her belt of wampum and imitated the act of scalping an enemy—then again waving her hand as forbidding him to advance, she darted into the bushes, leaving him lost in amazement.

"There is danger," said he to himself, after a short pause, and recovering from his surprise.

"That Indian's manner betokens me no good, but I trust in God; he has never yet deserted me;" and resuming his path, he shortly reached the mansion of Rufus Rugsdale. In the midst of the hilarity, the sound of a cannon burst suddenly upon the ear, startling the guests and suspending the dance. Washington and the officers looked at each other with surprise, but their fears were quickly dispelled by Rugsdale informing them it was only a discharge of ordnance in honor of his distinguished visitors. The joy of the moment was resumed; but the gloom of suspicion had fallen upon Washington, who sat in moody silence, apart from the happy throng. A slight tap on his shoulder at length roused him from his abstraction, and looking up, he perceived the person of the Indian standing in the bosom of a myrtle bush close to his side. "Ha! again here," he exclaimed with astonishment, but she motioned him to be silent, and kneeling at his feet, presented him with a bouquet of flowers. Washington received it and was about to place it in his breast, when she grasped him firmly by the arm and pointing to it said "snake, snake!" and the next moment mingled with the company, who appeared to recognize and welcome her as one well known and esteemed.

Washington regarded the bouquet with wonder; he saw nothing in it to excite suspicion; her words and singular appearance had, however, sunk deeply into his heart, and looking closer upon the nosegay to his surprise he saw a small piece of paper in the midst of the flowers. Hastily he drew it forth, and confounded and horror-stricken read—"Beware! you are betrayed!"

It was now apparent that he was within the den of the tiger, but to quit it abruptly might only draw the consummation of treachery the speedier upon his head. He resolved, therefore, to disguise his feelings and trust to the power which had never forsaken him. The festivities were again renewed, but almost momentarily interrupted by the sound of the cannon. The guests now began to regard each other with mistrust, while many and moody were the glances cast upon Rugsdale, whose countenance began to show symptoms of uneasiness, while ever and anon he looked from the window out upon the broad green lawn which extended to the river, as if in expectation of some one's arrival.

"What can detain them?" he muttered to himself. "Can they have deceived me? At that moment a bright flame rose from the river, illuminating for a moment the surrounding scenery showing a small boat filled with persons, making rapidly towards the shore.

"All's well he continued; in three minutes I shall be possessor of a coronet, and the cause of the republic be no more." Then turning to Washington he said, "Come General, pledge me the success of our arms."

The eye of Rugsdale at that moment encountered the scrutinizing look of Washington, and sank to the ground, his hand trembled violently—even to so great a degree as to partly spill the contents of the goblet. With difficulty he conveyed it to his lips, then retiring to the window, he waved his hand, which action was immediately responded to by a third sound of the cannon, and at the same moment the British anthem of God save the king, burst in full volume upon the ear, and a band of men attired in British uniform, with their faces hidden by masks, entered the apartment. The American officers drew their swords, but Washington, cool and collected, stood with his arms folded upon his breast quietly remarked to them, "Be calm, gentlemen; this is an honor we did not anticipate." Then turning to Rugsdale, said—"speak, sir; what does this mean?"

"It means," replied the traitor, placing his hands upon the shoulder Washington, "that you are my prisoner. In the name of King George I arrest you!"—"Never!" exclaimed the General. "We may be cut to pieces, but surrender we will not. Therefore, give way;" he waved his sword to the guard, who stood with their muskets levelled, as if ready to fire, should they attempt to escape. In an instant were their weapons reversed, and dropping their masks, to the horror of Rugsdale, and the agreeable surprise of Washington, his own brave party, whom he had left in charge of the barge, stood before him. "Seize that traitor!" exclaimed the commander. "In ten minutes from this moment, let him be a spectacle between the heavens and the earth." The wife and daughter clung to his knees in supplication, but an irrevocable oath had passed his lips, that never again should treason receive his forgiveness, after that of the miscreant Arnold. "For my own life," he said, while tears rolled down his noble countenance, at the agony of the wife and daughter, "I heed not; but the liberty of my own land—the welfare of millions—demands this sacrifice—for the sake of humanity I pity him; but by my oath and now in the presence of Heaven, I swear I will not forgive him."

## The Slave Trade in Western Africa.

### CURIOS FACTS.

We have already alluded to the destruction by the British, of the African town of Lagos. The subject has attracted attention in the British House of Commons, and some curious facts have been elicited. In June, 1849, Lord Palmerston appointed a gentleman named Beecroft, a British Consul for certain places on the African coast and instructed him to use every possible influence, to induce the native Kings and Chiefs to abandon the Slave Trade. Lord P. had already written to King Dahomey upon the subject, and the following is an extract from the reply:

"The King of Dahomey presents his best compliments to the Queen of England. The presents which she has sent him are very acceptable and are good for his face. When Governor Winniett visited the king, the king told him that he must consult his people before he could give a final answer about the slave trade. He cannot see that he and his people can do without it.—It is from the slave trade that he derives his principal revenue. This he has explained in a long palaver to Mr. Cruickshank. He begs the Queen of England to put a stop to the slave trade every where else, and allow him to continue it."

He says still further:

"The King begs the Queen to make a law that no ships be allowed to trade at any place near his dominions lower down the coast than Whydah, as by means of trading vessels, the people are getting rich and resisting his authority. He hopes the Queen will send him some good Tower guns and blunderbusses, and plenty of them to enable him to make war. He also uses much cowries, and wishes the Queen's subjects to bring plenty of them to Whydah, to make trade. He wishes to see plenty of Englishmen making trade at Whydah."

In consequence of these negotiations, Lieut. Forbes, a British Naval officer, was requested by the King to visit him at Abomey, his capital

city. The following extracts from his narrative, will be read with a singular interest:—

"Having entered the gate of the city, which is ornamented with human skulls, and in the vicinity of the principal Fetish-house, we halted, and taking position in chairs across the road, waited for the ceremony of being met by the Cabooceers. In a short time an immense crowd advanced towards us, with banners flying among them. At some distance they halted, and the Governor of the city, at the head of a few soldiers, advanced. When arrived in front of our position, he countermarched, and made a circle from left to right three times round our seats, bowing each time when he came in front. On the last time he fired off a musket, and danced before us; then having shaken hands, he took a seat. The square in front of the palace, though extremely large, was densely crowded with armed men and women, squatting on their hams, their long Danish muskets standing up like a miniature forest. Banners abounded—those of the King being uniformly surmounted by a skull. This ghastly style of ornament appears to be particularly in request in Dahomey. The palace wall of red clay, standing about twenty-five feet high, extending over more than a square mile, was one continued line of human skulls; yet it might be remarked that, where decay had destroyed them, these ghastly ornaments were not replaced. On the thresholds and sides of the portals of the palace were also human skulls; but the practice of human sacrifice is fast vanishing from the kingdom of Dahomey.

Lieut. Forbes witnessed a specimen of despotic power, which ill agrees with the concluding statement of the above passage. Ten persons of rank, who had given offence to the king, were led prisoners about the city, and compelled to dance, after which their heads were cut off with large knives, in presence of the British functionary, and in spite of his entreaties and remonstrances.

The King of Dahomey has a regular cabinet;—a Prime Minister, a Minister of Police, a Treasurer, a Minister of Justice, &c. He has eighteen thousand wives—if those who have counted them can be trusted—which we think rather doubtful. He has an army of Amazons, of which the following description is given:

The king then expressed a wish that I should witness a review of the female troops, and two regiments were at once paraded, but not before the ground was shifted and marked out for the manoeuvring. The officers (female) were distinguished by armlets of silver reaching from the wrist to the elbow, and carrying each a small whip. The whole were uniformly dressed in tunics of blue and white, armed with a musket, club and short sword, carried cartouch-boxes, and went through several evolutions, skirmishing, firing volleys, &c., with much precision.

The British officer treated his Majesty to a basket of champagne, which was despatched with great gusto at a dinner, to which the former was invited. But the festivities were interrupted in an extraordinary manner:—After drinking her Majesty's health, the troops hurried, and the salute commenced; but before it was half over, we were all obliged to scamper after the Prime Minister, and hide our faces against the wall, as a portion of the 18,000 royal wives were passing, ringing a small bell.—These sable ladies are all over the town at all times, and no male may gaze on them unpunished.

The king's wives are notable fighters, and when a slave-hunt is undertaken, they are sure to catch more than the same number of male troops. The scale of his operations may be estimated when we state that, in one expedition he captured no fewer than 19,000 men, women, and children. After sacrificing 500, he sold the rest for exportation. His annual revenue from the sale of slaves is estimated at about £60,000 a year. According to the latest accounts he had thrown off the mask, and was laughing at the credulity of the English, who had fancied that he would degrade himself by employing his Amazonian body-guard in the cultivation of cotton, or in any other peaceable pursuit.

According to the testimony of Lieut. Forbes, the permanent cessation of the slave-trade is a thing hardly to be expected. No organized system is required for its support. It might be suspended for a century, and then renewed at a week's notice. The British, it seems, have no confidence in the pledges to abstain from the traffic, given by the African Chiefs; and with this belief, it is not likely that their blockading squadron will be withdrawn at present.

MOUSE COLORED.—Dry goods stores are some times the scene of ludicrous conversation, the other day a young lady stepped into a well known establishment in town, and enquired of a handsome clerk:

"Sir, have you any mouse-colored ladies' gloves?"

"Mouse-colored ladies, miss?"

"Yes—a sort of gray—just the color of your drawers there; meaning the store drawers, which were painted gray.

"My drawers, miss," ejaculated the young man glancing downward at his dress to see if everything was right and tight; "my drawers, miss! why I don't wear any!"

The young lady was carried home on a stretcher.